Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

Exet with them.

Bucking. My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the King,
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

Yorke. Content. Away then, about it straight.

Buck. Farewell my Lord.

Exet Buckingham.

Yorke. Whose within there?

Enter one.

One. My Lord.

Yorke. Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke, to sup with me to night.

Exet Yorke.

One. I will my Lord.

Exet.

Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, and Duke *Humphrey* and *Suffolke*, and the *Cardinall*, as if they came from hawking.

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?
But as *I* cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore?
And on a sodaine soust the Partridge downe.

Suffolke. No maruell if it please your Maiestie
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so well,
He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

Humphrey. Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde
That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

Card. I thought your grace would be aboue the cloudes.

Humph. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on a Crowne, proude Protector dangerous Peere, to smooth it thus with King and common-wealth.

Humphrey. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs,
Church-men so hote. Good vnckle can you doate.

Suffolke. Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad a cause.

Humphrey.

Humphrey. As how, my Lord?

Suffolke. As you, my Lord, And it like your Lordly
Lords Protectorship.

Humphrey. Why *S*uffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

Queene. And thy ambition Gloster.

King. Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious Lordes to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

Humphrey. Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to that.

Cardinall. Euen when thou darest.

Humphrey. Dare. I tell thee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer brooke the dare.

Card. *I* am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne to Iohn of Gaunt.

Humph. In Bastardie.

Cardin. I scorne thy words.

Humph. Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thine own person meete me at the East end of the groue.

Card. Heres my hand, I will.

King. Why how now Lords?

Card. Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soone, we had had more sport to day, Come with thy swoord and buckler.

Humphrey. Faith Priest, Ile shaue your Crowne.

Cardinall. Protector, protect thy selfe well.

King. The wind growes high, so doth your chollour Lords.
Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle.
How now, now sirrha, what miracle is it?

One. And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.

King. Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifie the Lord with him.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with Musicke, bearing the man that had bene blind, betweene two in a chaire.

King. Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise,